Sunday. M 14 Aug 7th or 8th 1938

Oh you old Crow Patch! What d'you think I'm made of? hands, like a centipede's feet each holding a pen & one that'll write, what is more than most with? I'm still 10 down on my 3 guineas Allen: cannot expect to enlightenment — now what did you mean by this? — Nash me duck. No lecturing. Must sometimes walk. Sometimes talk. The great thing is remember about friendships is that it rotteness, nor falling: However, I break off this meagre twig: only its with a brain sodden with Roger, & apprehensive as more, & more necessary, Allen. For one wants book material Headmasters, one must take the consequences. Reply. My dear Sir, In answer to your enquiry...

Roasting hot hh lodging of a old Mrs Woolf comes over — stands 4 hours remembering the coffee cups & new mantels

how stood: says she wants to know, would I like, when she dies, either a drawing room chair, or a silver bon bon sugar caster? which shall it be? Telephone rings: I'm the lady who broadcast your prayer in Dublin - will you see me at 2.30 tomorrow? — that's all I'll tell you of facts. Kitty came. Heavenly joy: found a sweet in an apple. Loves Gwen as much as ever. But to my pleasure would like to see me too. NYPL
I'm deep (when I can dive beneath chatter) in art history. I think I've mounted a barren nightmare in this book (R.F) but shall finish the diary round & then dismount & see what's the use of it. This is my favourite reading: what hard writing L. has written her too. Foxes bark outside the window at night. Oh & it was dismay, found workmen making a library in the attic - meant for the Autumn. Hammer hammer all day for 3 weeks. L. has invented a roof verandah. 6 doz: French white wine just arrived. Rain today. I must put on a fur-weskit bought in Oban & trudge. How is Crompatch pelting now? And where shall I send this? What about Roman wall? And the Opera? when? Toscanini? And Henry Ward? I'm tired of all news, all letters, must dont ask, how what did you mean on p. 172?

Love V.

Rota 2.4.63

Leonard Woolf
Philip Morrell.
Who has had
that talk in
Charleston
Gerald Brenan?
Mrs Ethel.
Answer.

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex. 29th Aug 1938

I don't know, & indeed care, whose turn this is to write this long Ulna - last time you wrote from Harrogate: & did I answer, or didn't I? I can't remember what we were talking about. Operas? Workmen? What the devil's the use of letter writing - why should you be a bog & hear how the new works going on - how Judith & I invented a balcony (a verandah - here there are sheets everywhere: dust flying - hammering & nails - workmen peeping in at one breakfasting in bed. You wish skip all that. As for politics, I feel as if we were all sitting downstairs while someone slowly dies. So why write letters? Nevertheless, here we've been to Seaford to day to match Dally, in which the politics. We wonderful match. Leonard has gone to fetch her & in 2 hours further rehearsal. And I've been walking; found a dead tortoise on the top of the Downs: also several clouded yellows. All the money I work my brain into a screw

Postcard from Philip Morrell. Who's the Knud that sent Charmian Otterdunes Gardening Woman? Sir Ethel. Answer. V.

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex. 29th Aug 1938

I dont know, indeed care, whose turn this is to write this long Velma – last time you wrote from Hampstead: & did I answer, or didnt I? I cant remember what we were talking about. Operas? Workmen? What the curse of letter writing – why should you be a dog & hear how the new world goes on – how I suddenly invented a balcony & a verandah – how there are sheets everywhere: dust falling – hammering nails – workmen peeping in at one breakfasting in bed. You work skip all that. As for politics, I feel as if we were all sitting downstairs while someone slowly dies. Why write letters? Nevertheless, here we are ten to dead lord to day to mate Sally, in spite of the politics. The innocent mate. Leonard has gone to fetch the 4th 2 hours further rehearsing. And I've been walking; found a dead tortoise on the top of the Downs: also several clouded yellows. All the money I work my brain into a new

over Roger – what did he do in 1904 – when did his wife go mad, – how a flank does one explain madness & love in other lives, with dates attached? I saw Vita, & I saw Gwen. Vita has written a long letter, & says very poor: I've not read it. That I think I owed you. And for now – how Drop your trumpet, which by the way is upside down. – tell me: about the Opera: about the Orchestra: about Mary & working – the Ballroom – why is the aristocratic mind invariably middle class when the body is divine! Just finished Lady Ravensdale's diaries: no vision, no insight, no originality. NYPL all as drab & dowdy as Mabel Dundy but (Mabel is our maid you know.) Explain this to me. And such damned condescension to artists. Get all the sense & fancy & thoroughness – why the mind cluttered with curtains & films. I want to settle in – read some entire pure classic to rid me of the impression. But instead I play bowls with fanatic fury, like Jews for gold. So we approach. Ja. I, from different points of the compass. Here I cook dinner, to meet Nop, just, it happens, as a flock of fine feathered ideas perch on my wire. No I don't like Harold's BBC manner, Oh & Evelyn's ecstasy. Ellen, I mean from that hysterical, Athenaeum as the Public. As I said before I must cook dinner, & want the return of the Bride. I had tea today at Ireland with the

Rota 2.4.63

M.H.

Sept 2nd 1938

About Wednesday 7th — by all means
come to Lewes about 4, & L- will
meet you — But he can't take you to
Polegate. Flowering or not, as there's a
Labour Party meeting here at 7.
I would go as you suggest. Lets
then decide to settle you.
The workmen, though, are in the house —
Every room occupied, save the dining room:
but they might be relegated by
bed: 4 weeks has now served to
L. Let me know train. &
any details. for which I have at the
moment no time except the imminence of
post. — the presence of a charming man
in a white smock who's ladders
touching my nose.

V

Monks Horton,
Sunday. 11 Sep 38

Yes, a very nice letter from that interesting
attractively shabby woman. What a
foreign language French is, & how an
allusion they know how to roll it out!
There is not an allusion when I can attempt
the same with my mother tongue; because
there's a swarm of people about.
I don't think that your visit is fatal when above
L. is concerned; but would not in any case
analyse other people's so complicated relations.
I think if you were ever a day alone together
the mist would disperse. As a matter of
fact, the day you came happened to be a
distracted day for him — the funeral, then
the will, & then, the moment you left, our
local candidate arriving — to early
dinner, & a speech; & a meeting in the
dining room, which needed whipping together.
So he was breathing a dozen things at once.

Ah! We had such a drubbing & a stormy passage
for 3½. Was a day for my eye:
& a Cattistillar in the Commercial.
I should have had hacks —
how old Dumbuck.

Monks Horton,
Sunday. 11 Sep 38

Yes, a very nice letter from that interesting
attractively shabby woman. What a
foreign language French is, & how an
alien they know how to roll it out!
There is not an alien when I can attempt
the same with my mother tongue; because
there's a swarm of people about.
I don't think that your insight in Jacobin where
L. is concerned; but would not in any case
analyse other people's so complicated relations.
I think if you were ever a day alone together
the mist would disperse. As a matter of
fact, the day you came happened to be a
distracted day for him — the funeral, his
wife, & then, the moment he left, our
local candidate arriving — to early
dinner, & speech; & a meeting in the
dining room, which needed whipping together.
So he was breathing a dozen things at once.

Ah! We had such a Stalbourg & a Stourton
Professor of Eng. Lit: at Cambridge
& a Catholic killer in the Communist
row and Bumpkins:

Oh what a dismal little man, a Collector of
Match boxes. he turned out— this Lehrer purely
Champion— like a mouse, which indeed his
Daughter breed. a Letter for 60 a head to the
mouse Breeder of Seaford. And this then that
the L. P. Countess Hitler. Well, the
Situation this morning makes Everything
Completely visionary— I can't feel that
there is much as a mouse involved. NYPL
Yet all the Jews may be pulled by that
insignificant insect.

How was Maurice?

How, like yourself, I fear up
6 pages of the most acute psychological
investigation. I analyzed your fairy, &
mine, & what I thought as we sat down
to tea, — then again as I got up to
put the Kettle on for your very
spruce Chauffeur: — now destroy it all —
as you did. 6 pages, Ethel, ...
One day we'll talk them.
Not now

Meanwhile, Jew, I like laying
my funny head on your magnanimous
breast.

V.

Rota 2.4.63

M.H. Sat. 17th Sept 38

1 We were on the Great Wall about this
first week in June this year.

2. The illegible word was FURRY —
applied tongue in sympathetic
reference to Pan.

3. That was one of my jokes — I mean,
pretending I'd written 4 pages —
from them up. I did no such thing.
Had I written, I would have sent.

4. Of course you dedicated Her Time
Went on to me. But why not 2 books —
Vita does, to Given, & again to Given
But I agree: it's better not.

5) No, of course again, I never dreamt
Except in some visionary Shakespeare
of you working about me. As for

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

publishing a description during my lifetime.
the thought appals. When Mayor
asked me to write about my youth,
I said. If I did, I should have writing
all my life. And to the same ~~about~~
who being written about. ~~If I live~~
I must be private. secret, as ~~I am~~ anonymous &
submerged as possible in order to write.

To never think of it as I'm dead.

5. Let have the letters till we're both dead.
That's my plan. I don't keep or destroy
but collect miscellaneous bundles of
odds & ends, & let posterity, if
there is one, burn or not. Let's
forget all about death & all about Posterity.

When do you go? And
for long?

And I envy you,

I, charmed to my R F.
who is, in himself, magnificent.

V.